Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,
And as the custome of our Country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,
Cap: Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens.

Enter Musitions.

Nur: Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*
1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser: Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me some mery dumpe.
1. A sir, this is no time to play.
Ser: You will not then?
1. No marry will wee.
Ser: Then will I giue it you, and soundly too.
1. What will you giue vs?
Ser: The fidler, Ile re you, Ile fa you, Ile sol you.
1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you.
Ser: I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with my wodden wit, Come on Simon sound Pot, Ile pose you.
1 Lets heare.
Ser: When griping griefe the heart doth wound,
And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse:
Then musique with her siluer sound,
Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?
1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.
Ser: Pretie, what say you Mathew mimikine?

2. I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer.
Ser: Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
Ser: I thinke so, Ile speake for you because you are the Singer. I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you haue sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, farewell. *Exit.*
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom: If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,
My Dreame presagde some good euent to come,
My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,
And I am comforted with pleasing dreames.
Me thought I was this night alreadie dead:
(Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)
And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,
And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

Enter Balthasar his man booted.

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*,
How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?
How fares my *Iuliet?* that I aske againe.
If she be well, then nothing can be ill.
Balt: Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,
Her bodie sleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.
Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.
Rom: Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.